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The Drunkard's Grave.

A hearseless coffin of rough pine boards,
With never a mourner to shed a tear,
No sable curtains, nor waving plumes,
Nor loving garlands above that bier.

A grave dug out of the sodden clay,
With never a stone to mark the place,
The ground so poor that even the grass
Refused to grow in such sterile place.

With hurried movements they lower him down,
And shut him out from the summer's air,
No anguished parting, nor last fond looks,
Not even a hasty muttered prayer.

A drunkard's grave! ah me! ah me!
Yet once that bloated, unsightly form
Was clad in linen and purple robes,
And knew no blasts of adversity's storm.

Then came a change—the adder's sting—
His vast estates were frittered away,
His wife and children died of grief,
Before his jetty locks turned gray.

No friends he knew, but, old and poor,
He lived in his dreary hut—alone—
Till one day, out of a drunkard's sleep,
He woke in fear at the judgment throne.

A horrid picture, you say, young man,
And turn your head in disgust away,
But are you not on the same broad road
That leads you downward day by day?

Yes, gather your robes, my dainty maid,
And sweep aside from so sad a sight;
Yet still hold out with your jeweled hands
The poisoned cup at the ball to-night.

Oh! Christian workers! why slumber on?
Will no one venture a hand to save
The scores of souls that daily rest
Their bloated forms in a *drunkard's grave!*

THE PRINCESS OF THE AIR.

It was very hot in Van Bustick's circus in the town of Lynn, on Friday, July 15, 1870. So hot that the Polar bear looked like a bundle of yellowish tripe, or an old quilt put to soak for a washing-day. So hot that the little candy-boy's wares melted and stuck together in one conglomeration—mint, lemon, "sour-balls," gum-drops, lozenges and bulls'-eyes—and he was forced to throw away the mass in disgust, to the no small ire of the head of that department. The ginger-cakes retrograded to their pristine stage of dough; the pea-nuts blistered into a fresh coat of brown; the animals dozed in their cages, and the men blustered and swore.

Mademoiselle Zephyra Delphina Cantalini was in her dressing-room preparing for the grand entrance. Her crimps flattened out, and drooped exasperatingly over her temples; the rouge ran in streaks mingled with flour over her face; and the lampblack on her eyebrows resembled a stove-polisher's "crumbs of comfort" in a state of liquefaction. They were anything but "crumbs of comfort" to poor Mlle. Zephyra Delphina, however, and she puckered her lips into an unamiable acidity.

On the show-bills she was depicted as an airy sylphide, in diaphanous garments, spangled with dew; her hair unbound, a fairy wand in her hand, and her slippered feet almost spurning the backs of the steeds. In reality, she was a dumpy little woman of thirty-eight, with crows' feet under her eyes, a thick waist, "number five" boots, and her name was Maria Towcher. There had been a Mr. Towcher; but fatigue engendered by constant attendance on the members of Van Bustick's menagerie ("and the beasts is wery wearin', especially them that's contenkerous"), aided by injudicious potations of Medford rum, had hastened his demise.

There was a child—a little daughter ten years old—named Angela. She stood by her mother's side, arrayed in pink tarletan and gilt paper—a miniature Columbine—to be initiated this day into the mysteries of "the ring"—not a "railroad ring," nor a "ring of politicians," but the magic circle of saw-dust, trampling hoofs, cracking whips, and red-faced ring-masters. Not a "fairy circle" either, though Angela was fairy-like and gauzy.

Four months she had been in process of drill for this occasion. Morning, noon, and night, her feet had twinkled on the back of "Sparker," "Jennie," and "Vic," the three most amiable ponies in the establishment. She had learned to balance with a pole, and without one—to vault lightly through a hoop covered with tissue paper—to stand on the point of one kidded foot, and kiss her hand enchantingly at an imaginary audience. Outside the tent were flaming placards setting forth the unparalleled attractions of "the little Princess of the Air—the most graceful and accomplished of infantile performers! She had received gold medals from the crowned heads of Europe!" As "the Princess" had never crossed the Atlantic—nay more, had never ventured to set foot on horse-back in the presence of a single unprofessional spectator, the above assertion might have been called in question by any one who should choose to take the trouble—but nobody did so, and Lynn was none the wiser.

The townspeople flocked into the tent; rascally little boys gave melodious cat-calls, or, in strident voices, croaked "gid epp!"

The band puffed and blew till their faces were almost as scarlet as their jackets; the horses neighed and pranced; the director of the menagerie drew attention to "the largest deer of the human family!" and the performance was about to begin.

Little Angela grew white as death, and clung to her mother's wrist. "Oh, mammy, I can't! indeed I can't! Don't make me do it!"

Mrs. Towcher roughly shook off the little, warm, moist clasp, and turned crossly to the child. It must have been the intolerable heat that ruffled her serenity; for, in the main, she was kind to Angela, and proud of her beauty and accomplishments. "Just say that again, will you? I'd just like to see you backin' out now, when the bills is out, and Van Bust' has given me your first month's salary in advance, to pay for the toggery on your back! Can't do it, can't you? We'll see if you can't. Are you any better than your mother, that's toiled and slaved for you ever since you was born—and your pore paw lyin' stiff and cold in his grave, all along o' the beasts! Are you scairt? or is it jest some o' your high-fangled notions?"

Tears streamed down the little girl's face, and sobs shook her small bosom. Throwing herself on her knees, she frantically clutched her mother's skirts, and wailed, "Oh, kill me, kill me, kill me! but don't make me do it!"

Mrs. Towcher's patience was exhausted, and her anger arose with her voice: "You nasty, lazy, stuck-up little trollop! Take that—and that—and that!" She struck the child's delicate cheek with her hard hand; and Angela gave a shiver, and sank in a little despairing heap on the ground—her fair hair falling over her naked shoulders—the pink, gauzy draperies growing limp about her form.

The bell tinkled for the grand entrance. Mrs. Towcher gave Angela a twitch, saying harshly, "Come along now; I'll learn you to be balky!"

The band were playing a triumphal march. The gayly-caparisoned horses filed in with their riders, and a pallid unearthly little creature brought up the rear. Her eyes were fixed with an expression of intense anguish, while every nerve and fiber trembled. Fear paralyzed her limbs, and turned to ice the blood in her veins.

When the signal was given for her to leap on one foot, and begin her equestrian vaulting, she sat perfectly motionless—frozen with terror! The ringmaster glared demoniacally. His face grew redder than ever, with anger and disappointment; and he cracked his whip with a warning gesture. A wild look like that of a hunted fawn came into her eyes—then, with a sudden, electric spring, she was up in the air—poised lightly on one pointed slipper! The audience cheered and shouted. Their deafening applause sounded like distant thunder in Angela's ears. The surroundings swam in a dim mist before her eyes; and then,—a vision of floating hair, imploring eyes and fluttering robes cutting the air—a thud of something on the sawdust floor—a trampling sound of hoofs that could not be restrained—and a woman's shriek piercing high over all!

Instantly all was confusion and dismay. The spectators, moved with deepest sympathy, drew near to the little bruised and mangled form; and one tender creature—a buxom countrywoman—put her stout arms around Maria Towcher, and endeavored, with homely words of consolation, to soothe her violent grief.

But, like one of old, she "refused to be comforted," and burst forth with the words, "Oh, my sweet baby! Mammy can never beg her pardon now! I was gruff with her, and I struck her, the sweet, deary lamb! Oh, my baby! my pretty little cretur!"

"There, there, there! I wouldn't now! Don't give way so, poor dear!" crooned Mrs. Benton, the farmer's wife. "I had a darling little boy gored to death by a bull oncet, and I kerried on jest like you do now, and raved and tore, but the Lord fetched me round; and so He will you, if you only think so."

"Oh, I could bear it better if I hadn't struck at her; and the very last words I spoke to her was sharp and cruel," moaned Mrs. Towcher. "I always loved her, and took care on her, and I done it for the best! I thought she was goin' to be stubborn, and spoil her futur' prospects! Oh, deary lamb! oh, sweet angel!"

The remains of little Angela were conveyed to a neighboring cottage, the house of a Quakeress named Lydia Halliday. In the true Christian spirit of all-embracing charity, she opened her doors to the little tinseled body and the heart-broken mother. To her, the claim of brotherhood and sisterhood was as strong in a painted circus-rider as in "the most straitest of her sect;" and the broad mantle of her love was spread to shield every sufferer, of whatever race, color, or calling.

Sunday morning, the 17th, rose dewy and beautiful over the town of Lynn, as if pangs of death and grief had no place in the shining world. The members of Lydia Halliday's household went about their accustomed vocations with a certain subdued demeanor, as they thought of what lay draped in white in the upper chamber.

When the appointed hour drew near, the neighbors gathered noiselessly in the little parlor, to hear the last words spoken over the body of Angela, the circus-rider.

Lydia Halliday went to the spotless room where Maria Towcher sat alone with her grief, and said, in the clear, measured tone of the Friends, "Caleb Truman is here to say a few words over the dead; they want to carry the little coffin down stairs and thee had better come with me."

Passively the desolate mother walked with her Good Samaritan to the place appointed, and, after an interval of silence, the deep voice of the Quaker preacher uttered forth these words:

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believes in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

He spoke for an hour; his full, bent frame dilating, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, his eyes rapt and eager as those of an apostle, his voice rising to a weird melody. He ceased as suddenly as he had begun, and a second period of still communion followed.

Then Lydia Halliday, rising, took Maria Towcher by the hand, and drew her up beside her, with these words:

"In Ramah was heard the voice of Rachel, crying for her children. When the world's people are visited by affliction, their torn and bleeding hearts sometimes seek peace and consolation in our Community of Friends. This sister hath lost her all, and last night signified to me her desire of joining our manner of life and worship. With this token, I seal her a member of our community, and let all who welcome her in their hearts, follow my outward example."

Thus saying, she turned and solemnly kissed the woman beside her; and she who had been "of the earth, earthy," was received into that fold whose only creed is love, purity, and the things of the Spirit.—*Mrs. D. H. Clark, in Christian Union.*

SAYS the *Anglo-American Times:* "London is at present so crowded with Americans of distinction that it would be impossible, in our limited space, to give their names. Among them are Mr. Jones, of the New York *Times*, and Mr. KNAPP, of the St. Louis *Republican*."

CAN THEY BE TRUSTED?

Who are Greeley's Supporters, and What are the Purposes Animating Them?

An Able and Lucid Statement of the Issues of the Campaign.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Springfield *Republican*, the fairest and most conscientious of the former Republican journals which still support Mr. Greeley's candidacy, published a significant article, a few days since, in which, under the head of "Can They be Trusted?" it essayed to present the true issue in the pending campaign. In the first part of its argument it conceded the point that Mr. Greeley would be, and ought to be, defeated if those who are supporting him could be proven guilty of a desire to make way with the results of the war, to overturn the constitutional guarantees of universal freedom and citizenship, and either to again attempt the disruption of the Government or to force the payment of Southern war debts and the pensioning of rebel soldiers. The *Republican* does not quibble over the point that it is Mr. Greeley, and not his supporters, that is to be voted for; but, with a candor that is refreshing just now in Confederate organs, it concedes that an Administration must take its character from the overwhelming majority of the men who support it, and, therefore, if the supporters of Mr. Greeley can be truthfully charged with the purpose to do or attempt to do any of these things before enumerated, he should be defeated were he ten times the better man that Mr. Bowles believes him to be.

The candor of the *Republican* very greatly simplifies the true issue involved in the contest between Greeley and Grant; and agreeing with it fully in this proposition, we are willing to accept argument upon the second and vital question: What *is* the purpose of Mr. Greeley's supporters, and in what direction will they color and shape his Administration? To learn this properly, a man of common sense, ready to apply the same rules of action to this duty that he would to the commonest affair of every day business, must go at once to those who can speak *ex cathedra* for the great majority of Mr. Greeley's supporters. For we suppose, by this time, no man is insane enough to believe that nine-tenths of his followers will be other than Democratic, and that the most ultra and virulent Democratic type developed in the past fifteen or twenty years. The men who precipitated the country into rebellion; who upheld the fortunes of the Confederacy to the last; whose treason cost us the long and bloody war; who sacrificed a half millions of lives and billions of treasure in the mad effort to establish a Government whose corner-stone should be slavery—to use the words of the Confederate Vice President—the men who, in ante-rebellion days murdered, scourged and maltreated men and women in the South who were suspected of enmity to the "peculiar institution," and who, in post-bellum days organized themselves in Ku-Klux Klans, and have murdered twenty-three thousand black and white Republicans for disagreeing with them in political belief—these are the men who to-day furnish the overwhelming of Mr. Greeley support. The point of variance is not as to what these men have been in the past, but whether their sudden conversion at Baltimore, on the 9th of July, was real and honest; whether these Sauls of Tarsus, who have for years been pursuing with the torch and sword the friends of liberty and equality have, by virtue of the Baltimore Convention, become the true and accepted Pauls to *lead* the hosts they have heretofore persecuted to a better and higher political life.

Passing over the question whether Mr. Greeley's success would entail another attempt to disrupt the Government without saying more than that, should the South desire to secede, Mr. Greeley is pledged to aid them in their secession to the full extent of his power, let us adduce some evidence to show that Southern men—and Northern, too, for that matter—understand that Mr. Greeley's election means the success of the principles fought for in the rebellion, and payment to the South for the losses sustained by its treason.

The Lexington (Mo.) *Caucasian*, the first paper in the United States to name Mr. Geeley for the Presidency, and to whose editor Mr. G. addressed a friendly letter on the Presidential question, has for its platform to-day: "State Sovereignty! White Supremacy and Repudiation! Down with the Fifteenth Bedamnedment! Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt incurred in the prosecution of an unconstitutional crusade [Mr. Greeley conceded the right of secession, and of course the war to prevent it was unconstitutional] for the accomplishment of an unconstitutional and horrid purpose!" This is the original Greeley platform.

Hon. Jere. S. Black, ex. Buchanan's Attorney General, the ablest jurist who espouses the Greeley cause, declares, in his letter advocating Mr. Greeley's election, that "the Reconstruction laws were unjust bills of attainder," and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are "frauds upon the spirit and purpose of the Constitution."

Ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee, in a speech at Nashville, says Greeley is "in favor of restoring to the South her pristine rights."

Hon. J. S. Golladay, M. C. from Kentucky, said at the same meeting: "Greeley *was in favor of paying the South for her slaves, and believe he is still.*"

E. J. Ellis, Greeley candidate for Elector, said in a speech in Louisiana: "Twelve millions of people [the South] would hail, as a lover hails the dawn of a first smile, *the flash of the first brave sword drawn for vengeance and liberty.*"

The Quitman (Ga.) *Banner*, a Greeley newspaper, says:

"The atrocities of the Northern soldiery are still too fresh in our memory; the scars on our hearts are not yet erased; the names of Chicamauga and Elmira still suffuse the eyes with tears *and the heart with terrible thoughts of vengeance.*"

Congressman Beck, of Kentucky, in a speech declared that *when it was necessary to secure such legislation as the Democracy deemed wise, they would demand of and compel Mr. Greeley to yield acquiescence.*

Mr. Greeley himself, in his conspiracy for the Cincinnati nomination, agreed to favor the poisoning of rebel soldiers, and the Indianapolis *News*, whose editor is a member of the Greeley Central Committee for the State of Indiana, denounces as "a shameful doctrine the sentiment that the rebel soldiers shall never occupy the same position *before the law* that Union soldiers occupy" [i. e., paid pensions and given land warrants].

Gen Hodge, in a speech at Lexington, Ky., declared that he had "seen thousands throw their lives away upon the battle-field in defense of the principles of the Democratic party;" and ex-Gov. Randolph, of New Jersey, and ex-Senator Hendricks, of Indiana, declare that they accept Mr. Greeley because they can trust him *better than a Democrat* for "a Democratic Administration." Gen. Hodge also declares that Mr. Greeley's letter of acceptance means the restoration of John C. Breckinridge and other chivalrous sons of the South to their former positions of power and influence." He also says that Mr. Greeley's election will be "a victory for that which they (the Southern soldiers) fought;" and that, in the event of the success of Greeley, "*my comrades of the lost cause have not died in vain!*"

Col. Breckinridge, in a speech at Lexington, Ky., said: "I don't care a picayune for Horace Greeley or what he has said. *He represents the dawn of a new era to us, an era that will restore us to power.*"

Capt. Raphael Semmes, commander of the pirate cruiser, whose depredations involved us in the bitter controversy with England, just peaceably closing at Geneva under the administration of Gen. Grant, declared in a letter to the Mobile *Register* that it is "Mr. Greeley who has come to the Captain of the Alabama, and not the Captain of the Alabama that has gone to Greeley."

Lyman Trumbull, United States Senator from Illinois, rebukes the loyal spirit of the North, and tells it in his speech at Dixon not to go "howling around about Andersonville." The Chicago *Tribune* sneers at the soldiers of the late war who were not killed in battle or starved in prison pens, as "superfluous veterans;" it insults the victims of Andersonville and Belle Isle by telling them not "to continue showing their old sores;" [see *Tribune*, August 2] it declares universal suffrage "a serious menace to Republican institutions;" [see *Tribune*, August 14] it denounces General Grant, under whose leadership the Union cause gained victory over the rebellion, as "an arrant dead beat." [See *Tribune* of August 22.] The New York *Express*, Greeley paper, says the question now is "whether the negro was really born to be a slave or not." Mr. Greeley is on record in favor of secession; in favor of paying $400,000,000 for the liberated slaves; in favor of paying pensions to rebel soldiers, and in favor of revering the memories of Lee and Stonewall Jackson equally with that of Grant and Sherman. He is on record as saying that the Ku-Klux spirit is still alive in the South, "*ready to be revived to-morrow.*" In his Portland speech he declared that, through this self-same Ku-Klux spirit, when he was elected President, the "carpet-baggers" of the South would be compelled to fold up their tents and silently steal away.

These are but samples of much more of the same sort that might be reproduced, were it necessary. It is our design simply to show the purposes animating Mr. Greeley's supporters, and to apply the Springfield *Republican's* text to them: "Can They be Trusted?" This clamor for the assumption of rebel losses, for the payment of pensions to rebel soldiers, of a new attempt at secession, of a victory for the "Lost Cause," is not a "Radical electioneering ticket"—these extracts are from the opinions of the leaders of Mr. Greeley's support—from the class which the *Republicans* attempt to prove have been converted into loyal and true Union men! If they have not, but if they are still tainted with treason and rebellion, if they still treasure up a spirit design to force a victory of the principles of the Confederacy through Mr. Greeley's election, the Springfield *Republican* says Mr. Greeley will be, and ought to be, defeated. We leave the case there. "Can they be trusted?"

NASBY.

The Great Humorist's Latest Epistle from Chappaqua.

CHAPPAQUA (wich is in the State uv Noo York), August 22, 1872.

It wuz determined by our resident committee that it wood be a joodishus thing to do to hev the great and good Greeley go on a toor thro the State uv New Hampshire and Maine, to encourage the week and to sekoor the vasillatin in those States. I opposed it, ez I hed hed some experience with tripe, hevin accompanied the immortal Johnson on all uv hizzen. I wuz overrooled, but they conceded to me the arrangement uv the toor, tho they took control uv the great and good man from the start to its concloosion. They insisted that it wood hev two good effects: 1st, We should dodge the frekent delegashuns wich afflict us at Chappaqua; and, 2nd, That the exhibition uv Horris wood hev a good effeck on the rooral populis. I yieldid, and set about fittin him for the journy. I hed a very difficult job to git the philosopher up properly for the occashen. I took a whetstun and rubbed the inside uv his rite hand for hours, till it perdoosed sich callous spots onto it ez the most horny-handed labrer in Vermont mite be proud uv, and instructed him that when shakin hands with the yeomanry to grip hard, that there mite be no mistake ez to feelin them callous spots on hiz labor-hardened hands. then hed him git out in the sun two hours each day, with hiz face upturned, till he become browned by exposure to the elemence; after wich I hed a badly-fittin soot uv close made for him, that the people mite feel that he hed attempted to dress up on their account, but that, after all, he wuzn't accustomed to so much grandyer.

Then came the most difficult part uv the outfittin biznis, wich wuz to instruct him in wat he shood say, but I succeeded. I charged him espeshelly that he shood never mensshun politix (ceptin that he mite now and then howl mildly suthin about the era uv good feelin), and shood be speshely kearful to dodge all them pints out uv wich offence mite come. "The toor," I remarkt, "is to be one uv sentiment. We are on a pilgrimage to the tooms uv our ancesters; we are a goin to revisit the scenes uv our childhood, ez it were—to revive remembrances uv our youthful days and sich, and it must be confined strikly to that. I hev arranged with our committees on the route to organize for a spontaneous outpourin uv the people to receive yoo, and yoo must speek to em at each stoppin-place. I wood recommend that your responses to the greetins be mostly allooshons to the grandyer uv the mountins and the purity uv the air and water, and, above all, don't forgit the mother biznis. If you cood ring in a verbal pikter uv yoor mother yearnin for nooze uv her absent son, it wood hev a good effect. Yoo needn't trot out yoor father, for fathers is played out. It's the mother that teches the popular heart. And yoo must git yoor eyes in condishon to drop a sympathizin teer or two of occashen demands. I hev done good things before now by weepin perfoosely at the rite time."

Thus prepared, the farmer-statesman left the classic shades uv Chappaqua.

The minit the procession hed started onto its toor, I packt my valise with a bottle, and possibly a shirt or two (tho I realy forgit about the latter, payin so little attenshun ez I do to the mere luxuries uv life), and started for an interior village uv Pennsylvany, where I made a speech last year, and consekently knowed all the principal Demokrats. I put up at the old familyar tavern, where the ticket I knowed to be good. I hed barely time to hist in three or four slugs afore it wuz noised abroad that I was there. In twenty minits a person appeared to interview me. He interdoost hisself ez a Mr. Slodgers, a Liberal Republikin, who hed determined to vote for Honest Old Horace. I askt him to drink, wich he did, and then went on. He wuz disgusted with the corruption and rascality uv the Republikin party, and felt that he must leave it. He wanted purity—he yearned for a return to suthin beside office-seekin. Hence he hed decided to support Greeley. "But," resumed he, "I hev made sacrifices in this, and I must hev sahoorences. I wuz an unsuccessful applicant for the Post Offis in this village under Linkin, in 1861; then agin in 1865. I succeeded in gittin it uv Johnson in 1866, when the then incumbent wuz dismist, and held it till April, 1869, when the tyrant Grant dismissed me and reappinted my predecessor, and left me to languish all these years without offishel position, and to subsist on the petty earnins uv my wife, wich is a milliner. Ef Horris is elected, kin I hev that offis? I kin control the Liberal vote uv this county, sir. I hold it in the holler uv my hand."

"Say no more, sir," sed I. "I fully appreshate yoor poseshen. Uv course I kin make no positive promise; but it is safe to say, sir, that the poseshen shel be yoors. But that Libral Republiken vote, sir, must be all polled. We shel hold yoo responsible for it."

He left the presence prufoosly uv thanks, and I took four more drinks, hand-runnin.

Mr. Slodgers hedn't any more than got out when another citizen entered and announced hisself ez a Libral Republikin, wich his name wuz Perkins. He wanted to be understood, to begin with, ez holdin the Libral Republiken vote in his hand. He cood control it. Without his aid nothin cood be done with it. He dreated it, and he held it to-day. But he hed made sacrifices. He hed bin a candidate for Treasurer uv the county reglerly from 1856 to date; but hed alluz bin defeated—by fraud. The last time he wuz defeated—by fraud—he hedn't but two votes in the county convention—his uncle and brother-in-law. He wuz disgusted with the offis-seekin party, but cood he be ashoored uv the Post Offis in the event uv Greeley's elecsken? He felt that ef he ever wuz agoin to hev an offis this wuz the time. He wanted that Post Offis from the time he wuz twenty-one years old. "Without my infloocence," sed he, "the Libral Republiken in this visinity will be nothin. I, sir, hold that vote in the holler uv my hand. Kin I hev that offis?"

I hed taken two drinks while talkin to him and wuz oblivius uv everything that preceded it. I replied that uv course we coodn't make promises now, but that he shood rest easy. I felt that there wood be nothin in the way uv his appintment the minnit the Farmer uv Chappaqua shood be inoggerated. "But, sir, the Libral Republikin vote must all be out; we shel hold yoo responsable for it."

"Trust me," sed he, with a look uv gladness on his hungry face wich I never saw ekalled; and he took his leave, and I took two more drinks.

Skasely hed Perkins disappeared afore another cum, who announst hisself ez Mr. Eli Matchitt. Matchitt remarkt that he rejoiced at the movement wich led to the nominashen uv Mr. Greeley at Cincinnati. He hed alluz acted with the Republikin party, but the offis-seekin tendency uv the members thereof hed disgusted him, and he hed determined to quit it. He hed infloocence. He controled the Libral Republikin vote—in fact, he held it in the holler uv his hand, and without his infloocence nothin cood be done with it. But he hed made sacrifices. He wuz an unsuccessful applicant for the Assessorship in 1861, and agin in 1865. President Johnson wuz pleased to give it to him, but he wuz removed by the merciless tyrant, Grant, in 1869, and one uv his minions appointed in his place. He hed sed at times that he wood accept the Post Offis, ef it wuz tendered him, and ez some slite acknowledgment uv his services in controllin the Libral Republikin vote he shood expect it. "In case the good Greeley is elected, kin I hev it?"

We drank, and forgettin all about Perkins, I replied promptly that, uv course, no positive promises cood be made at so early a date, but I cood say frankly that there coodent be any doubt about it. And Mr. Matchitt took his leave thankin me profoosely, and promisin that the Libral Republikin vote, wich he controld, shood be out.

I then took several drinks by myself.

* * * * * * *

How I got to the train that nite, or wat transpired, I know not. I hev an indistinct idee uv hevin a mob uv men in my room, and uv much drinkin. Suffice it to say I awoke on the cars, and found myself some hours after in New York, and then back to my quarters at Chappaqua.

Ten days after I received four letters. Three uv em wuz from Messrs. Slodgers, Perkins and Matchitt, each reproachin me with dooplicity in promisin the Post Offis to the two others, and each ashoorin me that he alone controld the Libral Republikin vote uv the county. The other wuz from the landlord, enclosin bill for busted furnitoor, and statin likewise that I hed made an ass uv myself, ez the only Libral Republikins there wuz in the county wuz Slodgers, Matchitt and Perkins, and that they wuz uv that pekoolyer stripe that the Republikins rejoist more fervently when they left the party than they did over their success in North Carolina. I must quit either likker or politics. They don't work well together.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster, and hopes to be agin.)

The Race for the White House.

The nominations for President and Vice-President are as follows, in the order of their date:

	President.	*Vice-Presidents.*
Labor Reform	David Davis.	Joel Parker.
Temperance	James Black.	John Russell.
Liberal-Dem	H. Greeley.	Gratz Brown.
Republican	U. S. Grant.	Henry Wilson.
Anti-Secret So	C. F. Adams.	J. L. Barlow.
Woman's Rights	V. Woodhull.	Fred Douglass.
Democratic	Chas. O'Conor.	John Q. Adams.

Personal.

JOE JEFFERSON'S eyes are all right.

TENNIE CLAFLIN is going on the stage

LOUIS NAPOLEON smokes cheap cigars.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is spending a season quietly in London.

THIERS is very polite to the peasants, and rather wins their affections in that way.

MAJ. J. M. BUNDY, of the New York *Evening Mail*, has purchased an interest in that paper.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has modestly declined an invitation to become a Russian Countess.

NILSSON will not need to give concerts to support her husband, as he is worth a $1000,000 in his own right, and has expectations.

MR. GARRETT DAVIS, who was thought to be dying at Mt. Sterling, Ky., is said to be much better, and strong hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

A FAMOUS Baptist preacher, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, who is said to dispute the palm of pulpit eloquence with the renowned Spurgeon, is coming from England to America early next autumn.

AN English critic says that James T. Fields' account of the death and burial of Hawthorne is one of the most affecting passages in English literature, and will take rank in pathos with Lockhart's last days of Sir Walter Scott.

THE three great forms of faith in the Christian world are represented by the three sovereigns at Berlin. The Emperor of Germany is a Protestant; the Emperor of Austria is a Roman Catholic; and the Emperor of Russia is of the Greek Church.

PRIVATE letters indicate a strong probability that Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouzeaud, at the conclusion of her present engagement in Europe, will revisit this country, to give a series of farewell lyric performances, and then retire to private life, making her permanent abode in New York city.

USELESS industry is well illustrated in the case of Miss Frank, of Wyandotte, Kansas, who has been engaged some time in embroidering a life-sized picture of St. Patrick. She has taken 1,600,000 stitches already, and it will take several weeks more to complete the picture.

RAPHAEL ROGERS, son of the Professor of Berea College, Ky., thought the pistol wasn't loaded, and plugged a young "nigger" square in the forehead. Young Rogers is considerably mortified at the the result, and as the pistol was known to be empty last winter, he thinks somebody loaded it surreptitiously to play a joke on him.

Liable to be Misunderstood.

MAX ADELER is responsible for this celestial story: There is a Mrs. Smith over in New Jersey who has engaged a coolie to do her house-work for her. Like all Chinamen, he uses exaggerated and preposterous terms when addressing a superior. And so, a few weeks ago, when he wished to know if he should bring the wash-tubs up out of the cellar, he approached Mrs. Smith and used the following formula, which he had studied up with great care: "Would the beauteous dove who broods like an angel of peace over this fair heaven of domestic felicity, cooing soft notes to her affectionate mate, desire me to conduct the wooden vessels from the sublime subterranean apartment where they are excluded from the glance of her soft eyes?" Perhaps it was his broken English, or it may have been his warmth of manner, but Mrs. Smith imagined that the wretched Mongolian outcast was making love to her, so she floored him with a broom handle, rolled him down two pairs of stairs, and then sat on him and thumped him up a lot, while Mr. Smith held him by the legs. The coolie conceived an idea that this ceremony must be invariably incident to the removal of tubs from American cellars—that it was some kind of religious rite which was to be performed always on washing days; and now, every Monday morning, he stuffs newspapers under his clothes in order to go through with the performance with as much comfort as possible.

Explosive Cigars.

Every now and then we hear of painful accidents from the thoughtless and reprehensible manufacture of explosive cigars. Some cases have occurred lately in which severe injury was done to the eyes of the victims. The cigars in question appear genuine to the purchaser, but contain a minute squib or cracker, which, when the cigar has been consumed to a certain point, explodes, the cigar itself flying to some distance from the mouth of the smoker. Joking with these dangerous articles should be severely punished. The Paris *Figaro* states a case especially trying. It seems that not long ago a gentleman, happening to have some in his pocket, and believing them to be the ordinary cigars, offered one to his uncle, whose property he expected to inherit, and who wore a set of artificial teeth. Great was his horror when he saw what appeared to him to be the entire jaw of his avuncular relative briskly shot from his mouth and fasten on the nose of a high official dignitary, who was heard to shriek out, indignantly, "Monsieur, you have bitten me." We trust this painful example will have its weight in doing away with the circulation of these miserable traps for the unwary. As a joke they are about as humane as placing nitro-glycerine balls in chewing tobacco.

Treatment of Soft Corns.

A small piece of sal-amoniac dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine, and the same quantity of water. Saturate a small piece of sponge or linen rag, and place it between the toes, changing it twice a day. This will cause the skin to harden, and the corn may be easy extracted. A good remedy for soft corns is common chalk rubbed on the corn every day, and a piece of cotton wool worn between the toes afterted, to prevent the pressure; the chalk appears to dry up the corn.

The Nine Parts of Speech.

1. Three little words you often see,
Are articles, a or an and the.

2. A Noun's the name of anything,
As school, or garden, hoop, or swing.

3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.

4. Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
To eat, count, sing, laugh, jump or run.

6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.

7. Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.

8. The Preposition stands before
A noun, as of or through the door.

9. The Interjection shows surprise,
As, Ah! how pretty—Oh! how nice.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

Varieties.

WHICH is the oldest tree? The elder, of course.

A MAN given to sin is liable to be reduced to a cin-der.

A PAPER advertises for "girls for cooking." We like them raw.

THE only good motive for riding a man on a rail is a locomotive.

WORK is a most miserable little fourteen-horse power word of only four letters.

WHY is troy weight like an unconscientious person? Because it has no scruples.

WHY is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspepsia? Because he can't digest then.

AN alderman of a city of Maine, being invited to attend a *centennial* jubilee, replied, "I can't attend this one, but I'll go next time."

THE man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give away, let him lie upon his own liabilities until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

A PRACTICAL man visited a penitentiary to see if he could gather facts to use in a temperance lecture which he was preparing. "My friend," said he to the first prisoner whom he addressed, "did whisky, or ardent spirits of any kind, have anything to do with bringing you here?" "You bet they did, old hoss." "How so?" "Why the judge and jury that tried me were all drunk."

A BOSTON merchant having advertised for a poter, was called on the next day by a stalwart Yankee, who said, "I say, boss, be you the man what advertised for a porter?" "Yes," sternly replied the merchant, "and I expressly stated that all applications must be made by mail." "Jes' so, boss," responded the Yankee, "an' ef I ain't a male I'd be obleeged ef you'd tell me *what* I am!" He got the situation.

Andrew Johnson on the Execution of Mrs. Surratt.

At Columbia, Tenn., recently, for the first time in any of his speeches, Andrew Johnson referred to the hanging of Mrs. Surratt. Under this head he said that at the time Washington was under martial law.

"The house of Mrs. Surratt was the headquarters of those who conspired against the Government, and out of the conspiracy which was formed there resulted in the assassination of the President of the United States. After Mr. Lincoln was assassinated the Attorney General was called upon for his opinion, and gave it that the conspirators could be tried by military tribunal. They were duly tried, and the verdict of guilty pronounced by the Court. The question then was whether the President could pardon Mrs. Surratt or not. Under all the circumstances it was my opinion I could not grant a pardon. The accusation made against me for not doing so would have placed your Governor in the same position should he refuse to pardon a notorious criminal after having been duly convicted by a jury. Under the circumstances, I deemed it my duty to let the law take its course, and let her be executed. I expect you will complain of me for having pardoned many other persons. Now, a man may do wrong both ways. He might refuse to pardon when it should be granted, and when he should not, he might be induced to pardon. But if I erred in any one thing, it was in granting pardons. Likely enough some of those who were the objects of my clemency raised the most noise about my refusal to pardon Mrs. Surratt. If I have done wrong, I have done it with correct motives and a correct understanding."

Lying and Swearing.

Old Parson S., of Connecticut, was a particular kind of a person. One day he had a man plowing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was going on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plow struck a stone the man would swear a little.

"Look here," cried Parson S., "you musn't swear that way in my field."

"Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plow in such a stony field as this."

"Not a bit of it," said the parson; "let me show you."

So the parson took hold of the plow, but he very soon had great trouble with the stones. As stone after stone caught the plowshare, the parson ejaculated:

"Well, I never saw the like."

And this he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. When he had plowed around once he stopped and said to the man:

"There now! You see I can plow without swearing."

"But I guess it's pretty near as bad to lie," said the man, "and you told a dozen o' lies. Every time the plow struck a stone, you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing had happened the very minute before."